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A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes<sup>®</sup> Western

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NO. 24

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE FOUR-LEGGED BANDIT

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# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

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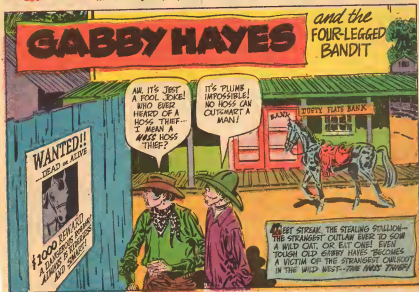


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AS THE DAYS GO BY A TIDE OF ANGER MOUNTS AS AGAIN AND AGAIN MEN ARE OUTSMARTED BY A MERE HORSE!



BUT TO GABBY HAYES THERE IS ONLY ONE HORSE WHO RATES ATTENTION --- HIS BELOVED CORKER!

UHH! CORKER SHORE WILL LIKE THIS BIRTHDAY PRESENT --- A BOUQUET OF APPLES, CARROTS, AND SUGAR CUBES. IN FACT, I'D LIKE TO NIBBLE IT MYSELF!

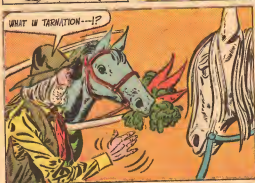


HAPPY BIRTHDAY CORKER! THIS IS FOR YUH!

SNACK-SNACK!



WHAT IN TARNATION---!?



LET GO, YUH WAIL-EYED CAYUSE! NO MULE-HEADED MUSTANG IS GOING TO SWIPE CORKER'S PRESENT!



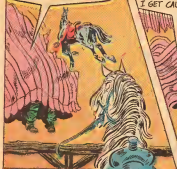
USH!



IF YUH HAD ANY HOSS SENSE, HOSS, YUH WOULDN'T TANGLE WITH GABBY HAYES!



"DING BUST IT! *HELP!* GET ME OUT OF THIS TENT!"



"THE MORE I HEAVE AT THIS DADBURNED CANVAS, THE WORSE I GET CAUGHT! DRAT THAT HORSE!"



"GRRRR!"

"SNAP!"

"ANGRAGED BY THE THEFT OF HIS GIFT, CORKER PURSUES STREAK!"



"MEANWHILE, A GANG OF ANGRY COWPUNCHERS MEETS OUT ON THE RANGE!"

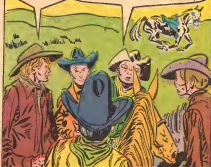
"WE GOT TO CAPTURE THAT THIEVING HOSS, MEN! IT AIN'T FUNNY ANY MORE!"

"NOPE! IT'S PLUMB HUMILIATING TO BE SHOWN UP BY A HOSS!"



"KEEP YORE EYES FEELED. BE ON THE ALERT!"

"DON'T WORRY, HE'LL NEVER PASS THROUGH THIS RANGE WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED! NO SIRREE!"



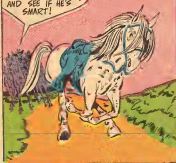
"TROUBLE IS, WE AIN'T GOT A GOOD DESCRIPTION OF THE CRITTER! BUT WE DO KNOW HE'S ALWAYS RIDERLESS, AND IS PLENTY SMART!"

"LOOK!"

"A RIDERLESS HORSE! DO YOU RECKON IT'S THE THIEF?"



LOOKS POWERFUL  
SUSPICIOUS! LET'S  
CATCH THE CRITTER  
AND SEE IF HE'S  
SMART!



CORKER LEADS THE MEN A STIFF CHASE, BUT FINALLY...

WE GOT HIM  
TRAPPED!  
THAT GULCH  
STOPPED HIM  
COLD!



TO THEIR SURPRISE, CORKER  
SUDDENLY STARTS TO PAW  
THE DUSTY EARTH!



MUST BE  
PLUMB LOCO,  
KICKING UP  
ALL THAT  
DUST!

LET'S  
ROPE  
HIM!



UGH! CAN'T  
SEE A THING  
IN THIS DUST!

THE WIND BLEW IT  
STRAIGHT AT US! I  
RECKON THAT CORKERY  
CRITTER FIGGERED  
IT THAT WAY!



IN THE CLEAR AT  
LAST! BUT WHERE  
IN BLAZES IS  
THAT HOSE?



DANGED IF HE DIDN'T  
FIND A LOG BRIDGE!  
HE DUSTED US OFF  
JEST TO GET TIME  
FER A GETAWAY!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THAT WAS PLUMB CLEVER---BUT  
WE'LL FOLLOW RIGHT AFTER HIM!



HOLD ON! I'LL BE HORN-  
SWOGBLED IF HE AIN'T  
SHOWING THE LOG AWAY!



WAL, FRY MY  
SOCKS! LOOKS  
LIKE HE'S GOT  
US STUMPED,  
MEN!

EEE-EEE-EEE!

HE'S GIVING  
US THE HOSS  
LAUGH!



HE'S THE HOSS  
THIEF FER CERTAIN!  
NO OTHER HOSS  
COULD BE THAT  
SMART!

LOOK! A BUNCH OF  
BAR X WADDIES JEST  
RODE UP ON THE OTHER  
SIDE! THAT HOSS IS  
TRAPPED!



CORKER UNLUCKILY STUMBLES  
STRAIGHT INTO THE BAR X HANDS!

THE BOYS OVER  
TO THE OTHER  
SIDE ARE SHORE  
HET UP! I RECKON WE'VE  
CAUGHT OURSELVES THE  
HOSS THIEF!



THE AROUSED BANDS JOIN FORCES TO END CORKER'S CAREER!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO  
DEAL WITH SECH A DANGEROUS  
HOSS THIEF! STRING HIM UP!



HAUL AWAY,  
BOYS! WE'LL  
GET MEDALS  
FER HANGING  
THIS THIEVING  
CRITTER!

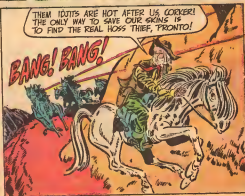




BUT GABBY, TRAILING CORKER, DASHES UP IN THE NICK OF TIME!



WITH TEARS OF GRATITUDE IN HIS EYES, CORKER  
HASTILY KNEELS FOR HIS MASTER TO MOUNT!



CABBY HAYES WESTERN

UNAWARE THAT CORKER IS GRIMLY TRAILING HIM, STREAK TROTS PROUDLY TO HIS MASTER AND TRAINER, ZEKE BELFRY!



AHA! YUH LOOK PROUD, STREAK! IF YUH BROUGHT ME A GOOD HAIL, YUH GET AN APPLE!

LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS, ANOTHER PAYROLL, MAYBE?



AWK! WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS?

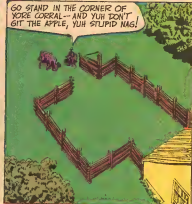


BLAST IT ALL! CAN'T A MAN TRUST NO ONE? I OUGHT TO LAMBAST YORE FOOL HIDE!



...GULP!

GO STAND IN THE CORNER OF YORE CORRAL-- AND YUH DON'T GIT THE APPLE, YUH STUPID NAG!



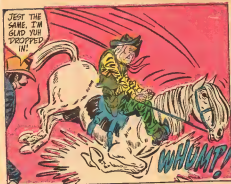
GOON! /HA! THERE'S YORE PRESENT, CORKER! WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! RUN DOWN THAT HOSS THIEF!



UUP!



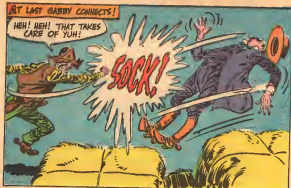
I AIN'T HOSPITABLE TO VARMINTS I AIN'T INVITED!



AT LAST GABBY CONNECTS!

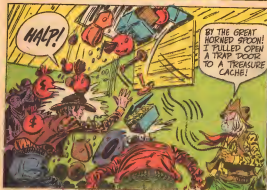
HEH! HEH! THAT TAKES CARE OF YUH!

SOCK!



GRAB HIM!

UHP! MAYBE I CAN SHINNY UP TO THE LOFT AND HOLD THEM OFF!



HALP!

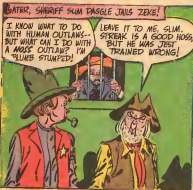
BY THE GREAT HORNED SPOON! I PULLED OPEN A TRAP DOOR TO A TREASURE CACHE!



WHAT HIT US?

OPEN YOURE EYES, IDJIT! IT'S THE HOSS STUFF THEE STOLE --- IN ZEKE BELFRY'S BARN!

RECKON THAT PROVES ZEKE AND HIS HOSS WERE THE CROOKS ALL ALONG!



GATER, SHERIFF SLIM DASGLE JAILS ZEKE!

I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HUMAN OUTLAWS-- BUT WHAT CAN I DO WITH A HOSS OUTLAW? I'M BLUMB STUMPED!

LEAVE IT TO ME, SLIM. STREAK IS A GOOD HOSS, BUT HE WAS JEST TRAINED WRONG!



IF ANYONE CAN REFORM STREAK, IT'S YOU AND CORKER-- ESPECIALLY CORKER! TAKE THE JOB, GABBY!

I SHORE WILL, SLIM! ---AND I'LL TAKE THE REWARDS, TOO!

# RUSTLERS' END!

*A Buck Desmond Story*

*By Dick Kraus*



**J**OHNNY NARR wheeled his pinto about and pointed up the dusty green slope, to where two men were riding hard, with a third horse in tow! "It's the Kinsey brothers, all right! They've got Prairie Queen with them and they're heading up the slope into the Rawhide Hills!"

Buck Desmond's tanned hand shaded his eyes against the sun's glare, as he watched the distant riders. "You're right, Johnny!" he husked, kneeling his bay forward. "Let's head them off from the hills!"

With a shrill whoop, the two friends urged their horses up the slope toward the fleeing rustlers. An hour before, Buck and Johnny Narr, returning from the town of Washburn, had seen that the young rancher's corral gate was open—and that his prize-winning racing mare, Prairie Queen, was gone! At once they had set out in pursuit of the stolen horse and her abductors—following them to the foothills of the mesa country.

Now, with the rustlers in sight, they quirted their broncos into a racking gallop. As they drew closer, Buck raised his worn black Colt and leveled it. His voice sharp and clear in the thin mountain air, Buck shouted, "Pull up, you sidewinders! Pull up or I'll ventilate you!"

The only reply was a raucous, defiant laugh, as one of the rustlers turned in his saddle, leveled a stubby rifle—and fired! With the barking report of the gun, Johnny Narr clutched at his arm.

"They winged me, Buck!" he grunted, voice edged with pain. "Get after them!"

Jaw set, Buck thundered after the outlaws. One of them kept moving with the stolen mare, as the other man dropped back, to gun the pursuer off. This second man jumped from his horse and dropped to one knee. He fired, the shot wreathing a cloud of acrid gunsmoke above his head. Buck ducked as the shot hummed by. Then it was the rambling cowboy's turn . . . and he did not miss!

Reaching the wounded outlaw, Buck sprang to the prairie, seizing his gun. The hurt man looked up at him, eyes smouldering with anger. Then he smiled—"Nice shooting, Mister! Yuh

got my shoulder. But I reckon my brother Ray's got clear by now! And it looks as if you'll have to take your sidekick and me to the sawbones, afore you take after him! Tough . . ."

It was true! Buck could not continue with the pursuit of the other rustler, who was already out of sight with Prairie Queen. It was more important to get the two wounded men to a doctor without delay!

Three hours later, Buck Desmond faced the sheriff of Washburn, standing in the tiny cell block of the town's only jail. Behind cell bars, Brad Kinsey lay on a cot, bandaged, but still triumphant.

"You two are barking up the wrong cottonwood," the wounded outlaw sneered. "You haven't got a bit of proof against me and Ray! As long as he gets clear, you can't prove a thing against me! Better let me go—afore I sue you for false arrest!"

The grizzled, gray-haired sheriff took Buck by the shoulder and led him into his office. "What Kinsey says is true," the lawman said in low tones. "Those two hombres have a shrewd lawyer—and he's gotten them free of more than one rustling charge! Unless someone manages to nab Ray Kinsey with the evidence—the stolen horse—he'll get them off this time too!"

Buck Desmond shook his head incredulously. "You mean that, even with my say-so, and with Johnny Narr wounded, we can't prove that they ran off with Prairie Queen?"

The sheriff nodded. "Sorry, Buck, but it looks that way! You've got to bring back the evidence, and from what Brad Kinsey says, his brother probably won't leave any! It's a mighty ornery break for young Narr. He spent a heap of greenbacks for the mare! Thought a heap of her, even bought her a solid gold bit. Understand she was ready to foal, too. Tough all around."

Through that night and the next morning, Buck combed the Rawhide Hills in pursuit of Ray Kinsey and the stolen mare! Limp with fatigue, Buck was determined to catch the outlaw before he could flee from the territory . . . or otherwise dispose of Prairie Queen!

The trail, when he finally located it, wound higher and higher through the mountains. Then, by the edge of a deep ravine, it disappeared—and there was a whole passel of hoof-prints. When the trail went on again, over a ridge, there were the prints of only one horse—instead of two. On impulse, Buck moved to the edge of the ravine and looked down. His lips tightened into a thin white line when he saw what lay far below in the narrow chasm. It was the still brown body of a horse—the body of Prairie Queen!

"So that's the way the Kinsey brothers get rid of the evidence against them," Buck muttered.

Hitching his bay, Buck slowly lowered himself over the sheer edge of the chasm. Carefully, he began to let himself down the steep slope, testing a foothold here and a handhold there. Again and again the earth crumbled dryly beneath his grasp, and he was forced to clutch desperately at a clinging weed or clump of dwarf pine. Then, when he was almost all the way down the descent, Buck's keen eyes caught a glint of metal off to the side!

Flattening himself against the side of the ravine, Buck husked, "Looks like company . . ."

A shot rang out sharply! Buck flinched as the bullet whined past him. Again the unseen marksman fired—with the lead slug missing Buck by inches! But the rambling cowhand realized that he could not escape for long. He was in a trap—and it was up to him to reverse the odds. As the next shot rang out, Buck toppled out of his hiding place. Falling heavily, he landed against the ravine bottom, and lay still.

For a moment there was silence. Then Ray Kinsey stepped out from his hiding place, rifle ready.

"Too bad you're past hearing, Desmond," the outlaw laughed mockingly. "But here's what happened. The mare slipped and fell along the trail—and broke her leg. I had to get rid of her then . . . so I dropped her down here. And then I figured I might as well as use her as a trap, since I knew you'd soon be along! You shore made a mistake following me!"

Buck's hand tightened on the Colt that he still held in his bruised hand.

His head lifted from the ravine floor and, as he pulled the trigger, he spoke. "I hear you, Kinsey—and I still don't think I made a mistake!"

The gun roared—and the outlaw clutched at his arm. With a surprised look on his face, and with the rifle falling from his nerveless fingers, he slumped forward. Painfully, slowly, Buck arose. The fall had been a mean one, but it was necessary to draw Kinsey from his hiding place. Now what remained to be done was to get the evidence that would send the horse-thieving brothers to the scaffold!

LATER THAT afternoon, Buck faced the sheriff of Washburn and his rancher friend, Johnny Narr. Johnny was lying in bed, his face drawn and disconsolate.

"I don't care about the money," he said. "Prairie Queen might have broken her leg by accident—so Kinsey killed her to get rid of the evidence and set a trap for you! But they're still guilty and they've got to be punished!"

The sheriff broke in, "Remember, Buck, we've still got to produce evidence against them. You couldn't get the mare up out of that ravine, could you?"

"No," said Buck. "But I brought some other evidence!"

He reached a hand under his worn levi jacket and drew out a solid gold bit. "Recognize this?" he asked. "It was the mare's . . . and I guess your harness-maker will testify to that!"

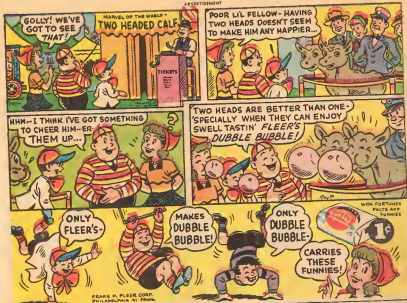
THEN Buck smiled. "And I brought some more evidence too, Johnny! The news isn't all bad . . ." He crossed to the door and, reaching out, drew in a slender, furry young colt—standing on wobbly legs. Young as he was, he had the look of Prairie Queen, the look of a champion, about him!

"If you remember, Prairie Queen was about to foal! She died," he said, "but first she gave life to this colt. He was protected by her body during the fall—and he was unharmed! I found him hiding by her side. If that bridle isn't enough evidence against the rustlers, the colt should do the trick!"

The sheriff nodded, his eyes moist. "He will, Buck," he said. "He'll be enough to convince any jury—and to prove to any more would-be rustlers that horse-stealing is a crime we don't aim to have going on in this state!"

THE END

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DESMOND in Every Issue of GABBY  
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# YOUNG FALCON

in  
**STAMPEDE  
IN THE  
NIGHT!**

Young Falcon, lone hunter of the woodlands, is known far and wide for his deeds of good. He has traveled far across the countryside and when through the dark of night, he reaches the light of a ranch house, he pauses there and sees ---

GET ON, THERE,  
DOGS! --- YI--  
YA HOO!

YI, YI,  
HOO!

IT IS VERY  
LATE AT  
NIGHT TO  
BE START-  
ING A  
CATTLE  
DRIVE!



BUT IT IS  
NONE OF  
MY BUSINESS,  
I SHALL GO  
TO THE REAR  
OF THE RANCH  
HOUSE AND  
ASK IF SOME  
FRESH WATER  
MAY BE  
SPARED ME!

AT THE REAR DOOR OF THE  
RANCH HOUSE THERE IS NO  
ANSWER TO YOUNG FALCON'S  
KNOCK, AND ---



STRANGE ---- NO ONE  
ANSWERS! BUT WAIT---  
THIS DOOR IS UNLATCHED.



WHAT IS THIS?  
NOW I SEE WHY  
NO ONE ANSWERED!

INSIDE THE HOUSE---

THE RANCHER IS ALIVE, BUT HIS WOUNDS ARE MANY! THIS ROOM SHOWS THE OLD MAN PUT UP A FURIOUS BATTLE! I'LL FIND SOME SHEETS AND BIND HIS WOUNDS! IT WILL BE A LONG WHILE BEFORE HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!



SOON--

LOOKING ABOUT HERE I FIND THAT JASON KNOX OWNS THE RANCH... AND THE OLD MAN'S WATCH BEARS THAT NAME! HE IS JASON KNOX!



AND NOW I KNOW WHY CATTLE WERE BEING DRIVEN FROM THE CORRAL AT THIS STRANGE HOUR! THOSE MEN WERE RUSTLERS! THEY ATTACKED JASON KNOX, LEFT HIM FOR DEAD AND MADE OFF WITH HIS STEERS!

I CAN DO NOTHING MORE HERE, JASON KNOX, BUT I CAN GO AFTER THOSE WHO HAVE STOLEN YOUR CATTLE IN THE STILL OF NIGHT!



I CAN CATCH UP TO THEM EASILY ENOUGH! THEIR TRAIL WILL BE PLAIN! THEY CANNOT MOVE SO LARGE A HERD QUICKLY!



WATER--

THERE THEY ARE! BUT HOW TO HALT THEM? THEY ARE TOO WELL SPREAD TO ATTACK SINGLE-HANDED!



BUT WAIT---THEY NEAR THE LARGE, DEAD END RAVINE AT BIG CREEK! THEY WILL DRIVE THE STEERS RIGHT BY THE RAVINE ENTRANCE!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



IF I CAN STAMPEDE THE CATTLE, THEY'LL RACE INTO THE RAINE! ONCE INSIDE, THEY WILL ONLY HALT AT THE DEAD END AND MILL ABOUT! IT WILL BE A NEARLY PERFECT CORRAL FOR THEM!

AND THE STAMPEDE'S CONFUSION WILL GIVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE IN SWIFT SURPRISE! BUT FIRST---TO RELIEVE THAT OUT-RIDER OF HIS LASSO AND GUN!



YOU RIDE NO FURTHER, THIEF IN THE NIGHT!



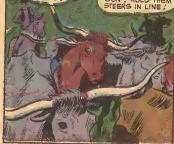
THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU SILENT! AND NEXT, I MAKE A LOT OF NOISE!



MOMENTS LATER, A VOLLEY OF SHOTS EXPLODES IN THE NIGHT! THE SURPRISED RUSTLERS SEE THEIR STOLEN STEERS SHY---

WHOA, THERE, YUH LOP-EARED DOSIES!

WHAT IDIOT'S SHOOTING OFF HIS GUN? HOLD THEM STEERS IN LINE!



BUT THE FRIGHTENED CATTLE ARE OUT OF CONTROL! THEY RUSH WILDLY FOR THE DEAD-END RAINE!





NOW TO TIE THEM UP AND BRING THEM BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE WITH ME! THE CATTLE WILL BE SAFE IN THE RAVINE TILL MORNING!



LATER, AT THE RANCH, YOUNG FALCON FINDS THE OLD RANCHER HAS WAKENED. QUICKLY, YOUNG FALCON TELLS HIS STORY, AND ---



THE NEXT DAY ---



# GABBY HAYES

## The SWIMMING FOOL

DO LIKE THIS, TIPPY! MY OLE WINDMILL STROKE MADE ME THE FASTEST SWIMMER THAT EVER HIT WATER!

SOLLY, GABBY, NOBODY ELSE SWIMS LIKE THAT!

When it comes to talking, Gabby is always a champ, but when he has to back up his boasts he turns out to be a **SWIMMING FOOL!**

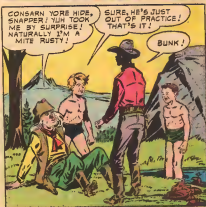
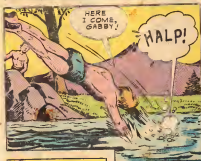
IN THE OLE DAYS FISH GOT SO JEALOUS WATCHING ME ZIP PAST 'EM THEY'D TURN OVER AND DIE! MANY A GOOD MESS I CAUGHT THAT WAY!

HUH! THE ONLY MESS YUH EVER SAW WAS IN THE MIRROR! AND THE ONLY GOOD SWIMMER IN THESE PARTS IS ME -- **SNAPPER FINN!**

GO TO IT, LOUDMOUTH! SHOW YORE STUFF! I BET YUH CAN'T SWIM AT ALL!

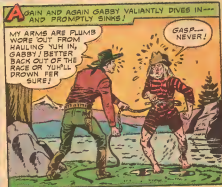
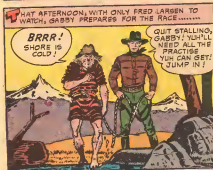
**AWK!**

**SPLASH!**









I GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, FRED! I CAN'T LET TIPPY DOWN!

HMMM... IN THAT CASE, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP YUH FROM PROWNING!

YUH GOT TO WEAR THESE WATER WINGS! AT LEAST THEY'LL HOLD YUH UP!

HMPH! PLUMBS HUMILIATING FER A CHAMPEEN SWIMMER-- BUT I'LL WEAR THEM!

MEANWHILE, SNAPPER FINN ALSO PREPARES FOR THE RACE.....

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SMEARING BEAR GREASE ON THE LOGS, SNAPPER? YUH GONE LOCO?



THE SNAPPING TURTLES LUNGE STRAIGHT FOR THE GREASED LOGS, AND SNAP VICIOUSLY!

LOGS LIKE A FOX! KEEP AN EYE ON MY PET SNAPPING TURTLES! THEY DON'T CALL ME SNAPPER FER NOTHING, YUH KNOW!

WAL, TICKLE MY TOES WITH TUMBLEWEED! THE CRITTERS ARE CHEWING THE LOGS TO PIECES!

YEP! THEY'RE SO CRAZY FER BEAR GREASE YUH CAN'T STOP THEM!

CRUNCH!

ANYTHING WITH BEAR GREASE IS PLUMBS IRRESISTIBLE TO 'EM-- AS YUH'LL SEE IN THE RACE!



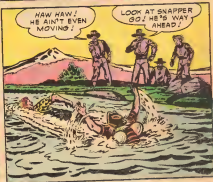
OF COURSE I'LL WIN THE RACE EASY-- BUT I AIM TO MAKE THAT FOOL GABBY SUFFER AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE! HEH HEH!

NEXT DAY, RACE TIME FINDS BOTH CONTESTANTS NATTLY DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION....

THIS IS YORE LAST CHANCE TO BACK OUT, SNAPPER!

NOW, NOW, NO HARD FEELINGS, FARD! LET'S ENJOY THE RACE LIKE GOOD SPORTSMEN!





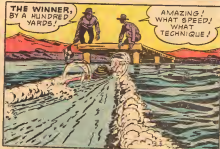
**S**MELLING THE BEAR GREASE, THE SNAPPING TURTLES HEAD HUNGRILY FOR GABBY!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



THE PURSUING TURTLES SPUR GABBY ON TO  
EFFORTS THAT ARE MORE AND MORE  
FRANTIC!



# GABBY HAYES

## BAKES A CAKE

WHAT A BE-OOTIFUL CAKE! I'LL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE!

GABBY, PLEASE DELIVER THIS TO THE RAWHIDE LADIES CHARITY SOCIETY. BE SURE IT GETS THERE SAFELY!

The rugged Foreman of the Bar. Nothing is tops at roping steers or catching rustlers on the cattle range! But the kitchen range holds unknown perils and pitfalls when Gabby BAKES A CAKE!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



AH! HETTIE MAKES THE BEST CAKE THAT EVER TICKLED A MAN'S TONBILS. I JUST GOTTA HAVE ONE MORE LITTLE PIECE!



CARRIED AWAY BY HIS UNRULY APPETITE, GABBY NIBBLES ON AND ON, UNTIL----

TARNATION! I ET HALF THE CAKE! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?



BALLS OF FIRE! IF HETTIE LEARNS WHAT I'VE DONE SHE'LL SCALP ME!



WORSE THAN THAT---SHE'LL SHUT ME OUT OF HER KITCHEN! HIDING THE REMAINS IN HERE WON'T HELP FER LONG! DOGGONE IT, WHAT CAN I DO?



I KNOW! I'LL BAKE A CAKE MYSELF! THEN I'LL GIVE IT TO THE LADIES SOCIETY AND NO ONE WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! HEH, HEH!



GABBY PLUNGES INTO HIS NEW PROJECT WITH MORE ENERGY THAN CARE----

LET'S SEE.... A COUPLE OF EGGS...



ADD SOME VANILLA....AND FLOUR...SUCKS! COOKING IS EASY!



GABBY POPS HIS STRANGE MIXTURE INTO THE OVEN----

NOTHING TO IT! THEM LADIES ARE IN FER A REAL TREAT!









GABBY HAYES WESTERN

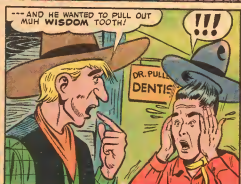




GABBY HAYES WESTERN

# LOCO LEW

PAINFUL WISDOM



THERE IS ALWAYS ACTION! ADVENTURE! MYSTERY! in...

MONTE  
HALE  
WESTERN!



10¢ BUY IT EVERY MONTH AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND! 10¢

Scare your friends  
with these mysterious

# MAKE-UP TRICKS



Cut disguises like those shown above out of black paper, making them the right size to fit your face.



**FREE**

Send for your copy of "Tricks with Tape", new booklet full of new playtime ideas. Write Dept. FC-50, Minnesota Mining Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn., enclosing the gold tabbies & red "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.

**SCOTCH**

BRAND

**Cellophane Tape**

Transparent as glass • Seals without mottling



Make a small loop of cellophane tape like this, with the sticky side out. Then press it flat on back of the disguise as shown.

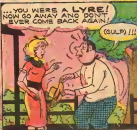
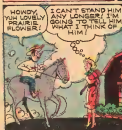


Try making different disguises yourself—it's fun figuring out all kinds of mystiques, beards, eyebrows, false noses and ears. And "Scotch" Cellophane Tape holds them on your face like magic!



10¢ 15¢  
25¢ 39¢

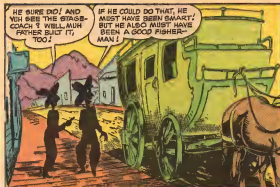
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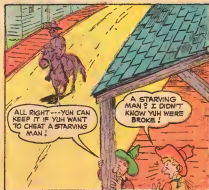
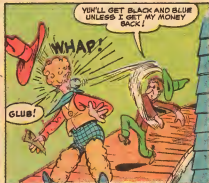


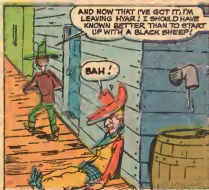
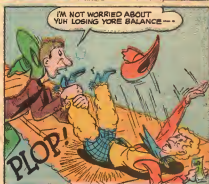


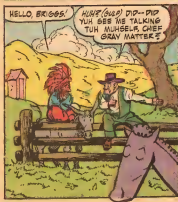
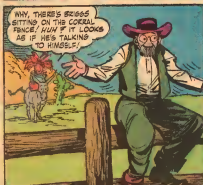
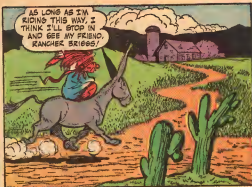
GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN







# GABBY HAYES

and The  
**GOLDEN  
EGGS**



CONFESS, GABBY!  
WE KNOW YOU'RE THE  
GOOSE THAT LAYS  
THE GOLDEN EGGS!

DINGBUST MORE  
SHOOTID HIDES!  
I NEVER LAID AN  
EGG IN MY LIFE!

WHO DOES LEAVE  
THE SOLID GOLD  
EGGS, MORNING  
AFTER MORNING  
ON THE DOORSTEPS  
OF RANWHIDE'S  
NEEDIEST FAMILIES?  
THE BAR NOTHING'S  
INQUISITIVE FOREMAN,  
GABBY HAYES, RISKS  
HIS NECK TO FIND  
THE ANSWER TO THE  
BAFFLING PUZZLE OF  
THE GOLDEN EGGS!

ONCE AGAIN A MYSTERIOUS BENEFACITOR  
BRINGS JOY TO THE NEEDY...

Wahoo! NOW WE CAN  
PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE—  
AND BUY SHOES!

MORE GOLDEN  
EGGS! WHERE IN  
TARNATION DO  
THEY COME FROM?



IT SHORE IS A  
SKULL-CRACKING  
MYSTERY!

DINGBUST IT! I'M PLUMB FED UP WITH  
BEING BAFFLED! I AIM TO SOLVE  
THIS PUZZLE PRONTO!



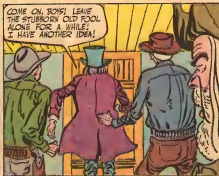
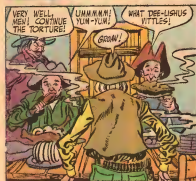
# GABBY HAYES WESTERN







GABBY HAYES WESTERN



LEFT ALONE, HAVING EATEN HIS FILL, GABBY BEGINS TO NURSE ALOUD...

DADGURN THEM LOCO GLUTTONS! IT'S RIDICKERLUS TO THINK I COULD NEAVE A NEST LIKE THIS!



WIL, FUN ME WITH A TORNADO! LOOKIT THAT COLORED STRING-SAUKE KIND SCARECROW RILEY WAS PICKING UP.

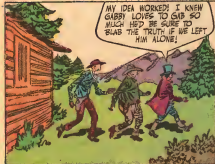


THAT'S THE CLUE! SCARECROW RILEY MUST BE THE GOLDEN GOOSE!

SCARECROW RILEY! AMAZING!

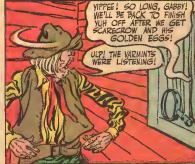


MY IDEA WORKED! I KNEW GABBY LOVES TO GIB SO MUCH HE'D BE SURE TO BLAB THE TRUTH IF WE LEFT HIM ALONE!

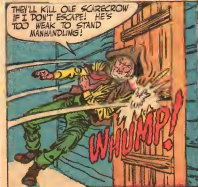


YIPPEE! SO LONG, GABBY! WE'LL BE BACK TO FINISH YUH OFF AFTER WE GET SCARECROW AND HIS GOLDEN EGGS!

UUP! THE VARMINTS WERE LISTENING!



THEY'LL KILL OLE SCARECROW IF I DON'T ESCAPE! HE'S TOO WEAK TO STAND MANHANDLING!



OOO! THAT DOOR IS DAD-BLAMED THICK - BUT I'VE GOT TO BUST IT DOWN SOMEHOW!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

MEANWHILE, POMP AND HIS MEN BREAK INTO SCARECROW'S SHACK!

WHERE'S THE GOLD, SCARECROW? WHAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND YOUR IDIOTIC ACTIONS?

I AIN'T GOT ANY USE FER IT MYSELF, YUH MAVERICK!

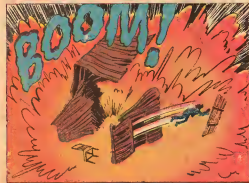
SO WHEN I FOUND GOLD, I JEST GAVE IT AWAY TO FOLKS THAT NEEDED IT! I DON'T RECKON YO'RE IN NEED, POMP!

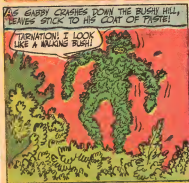
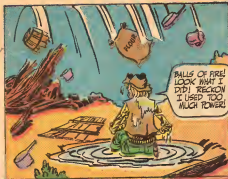
I MADE THE GOLDEN EGGS 'CAUSE THEY'RE SO PURTY!

BAH! ENOUGH OF YOUR ECCENTRICITIES! YOU HAVE JUST ONE HOUR TO HAND OVER ALL YOUR GOLD--- OR DIE!

MEANWHILE, GABBY GROSSLY BUTTS AT THE DOOR, UNWARE THAT, THROUGH HIS MAGNIFYING GLASS, A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT IS FOCUSED UPON THE NEST!

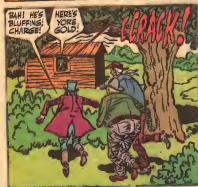
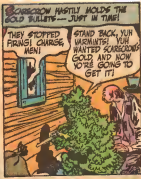
CLEAR THE TRACK! THIS TIME I'M USING *all* MY POWERS--- WHICH IS PLUMB TERRIFYING!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN





# WANTED

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Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get Xmas prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother, too. Most prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 45 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the larger prizes require extra money as stated in our Big Prize Book.

It's easy to sell these pretty Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 2 beautiful Xmas cards, 2 envelopes, and 16 sparkling Xmas seals—all for 10c. When sold send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or, take 1/3 cash commission. Many boys and girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize ALL ONCE. You can too, so start NOW.

Mail the coupon TODAY for Xmas Packs and that Big Prize Book that shows over 70 exciting prizes to choose from. Tell us what prize YOU want. Send no money—we'll send you. AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY Dept. 203, Lancaster, Pa.

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Dept. 203, Lancaster, Pa.

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Comes packed in beautiful glass slipper. Adorably guaranteed watch for girls. Sell one order plus \$3.00.



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A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



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Films of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy and Woody Woodpecker, included with each set. Sell one order plus \$4.50.



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A handsome guaranteed watch with cowboy strap & buckle. Picture of Roy Rogers on dial. Sell one order plus \$1.75.

ROY ROGERS WEST WATCH

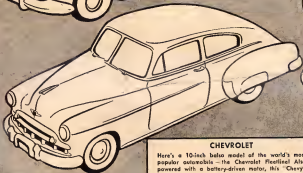


**HEY GANG!**  
 LET'S BUILD THESE  
 ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED  
 MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH  
**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**  
 FULL SIZE PLANS!



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Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

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